

The

# Saturday Evening Post

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## BLIND BOWDOWN.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.  
BY ELLA WHEELER.

One bitter time of mourning I remember,  
When day and night my sad heart did  
complain:  
My life, I said, was one cold, bleak December,  
And all the pleasures were but whited pain.

Nothing could rouse me from my sullen  
sorrow,  
Because you were not near I would not  
smile,  
And from a score of joys, refused to borrow  
One ray of light to glid the weary while.

But, all the blessings God had given scattering,  
I wept because we were so far apart,  
And spent my time in idle, aimless mourning,  
That only kept the grief fresh in my heart.

But now, to-day, I see God's kindness plainly;  
He meant to make this blow a gentle one,  
For what we deem our deepest wounds are mainly  
But parrying thrusts, and oh! so softly  
done.

God pity me! I know now we were nearer,  
With all those intervening miles of space,  
That life was sweeter, and the future dearer  
Than when to-day I met you, face to face.

God meant to break it gently, ease my  
anguish,  
But I rebelled, and cavilled at His will,  
Now, seeing His great wisdom, though I  
linguish  
In bitter pain, I trust His mercy still.

## UNDER A BAN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST  
BY AMANDA M. DOUGLAS,  
AUTHOR OF "CLAUDIA," "OUT ADRIFT,"  
Etc., Etc.

(Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year  
1870, by A. Peterson & Co., in the Clerk's Office of  
the District Court of the United States, in and for  
the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.)

## CHAPTER VII. THE GOLDEN SIDE.

Lucy Garth's engagement did not long re-  
main unknown to the gossip of Dedham.  
If it had depended upon Rachel or Mr.  
Garth, they could have kept the secret up  
to the hour of the ceremony. Mr. Thorndike  
had an idea that publicity would prove  
his best ally. Why should he be ashamed  
of it? he argued. Lucy was a handsome  
girl, and would make an elegant woman  
when she came to be dressed in style. The  
Garths were a good old family, and could  
trace a pure descent back to revolutionary  
times, and best of all, there was a fortune  
in prospect.

So Warren Thorndike marched proudly  
into church on Sunday morning and took a  
seat in the Garth pew, though Mr.  
Howe bowed him intemperately. After they  
were married, he thought he and Lucy  
would go to the Shiloh society, for they  
had a brilliant young minister, whose courage  
was not even intimidated by driving a fast  
horse, and whose name was down upon some  
of the most attractive lecture courses. To  
be sure the Shiloh people paid three thou-  
sand dollars a year for this luxury, and gave  
him a six weeks' vacation, which was not  
high, all things being considered.

The elderly gossip exchanged sundry  
nods and winks. It was all settled then,  
Rachel Garth would not need much time to  
prepare an outfit, for every one knew of the  
piles of lace and noble linen and stores of  
blue-stone. Mr. Thorndike would go to house-  
keeping, of course, and a vacancy would  
occur in the Garth household, to be filled  
by somebody. Lucy was passed over as a  
very unimportant member.

But when Warren Thorndike drew Lucy  
Garth's hand through his arm and walked  
home with her, the busy business was half  
paralyzed. And to see this repeated again  
before the day was over gave unmistakable  
force and truth to the matter.

Miss Kip made her call early on Monday  
afternoon, for the morning was devoted to  
washing.

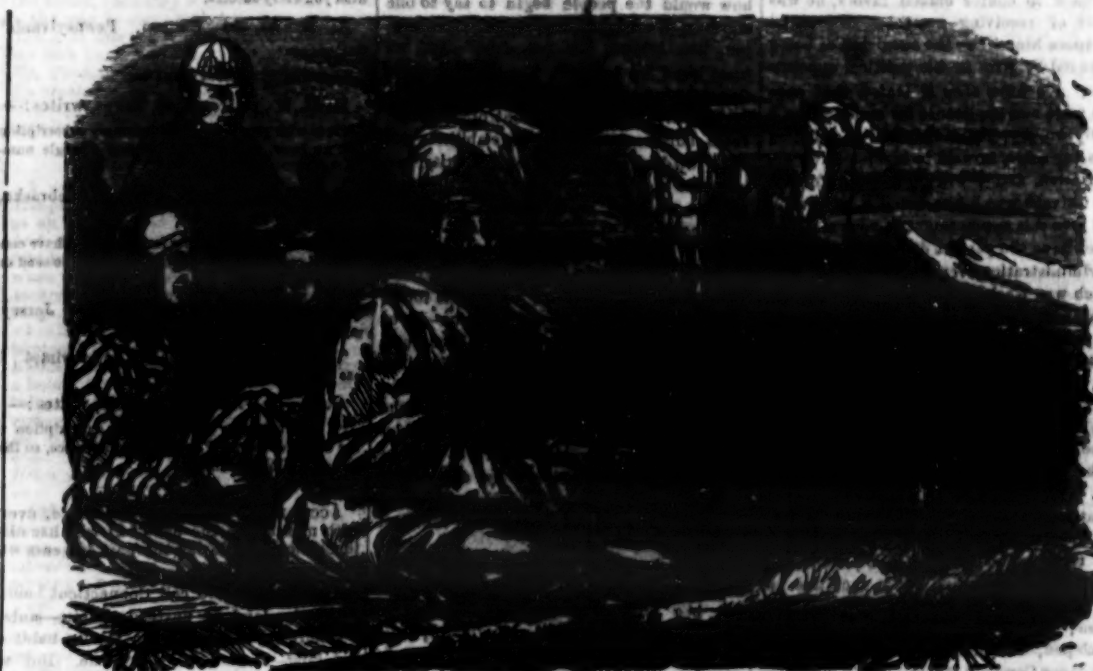
"I never was so beat in my life," she  
began. "You don't mean to tell me that  
he's to marry that child!—and they walking  
out of church like husband and wife al-  
ready!"

Rachel Garth turned her dull, swarthy  
face. The mortification had been very  
severe, and now to have to explain the truth,  
when she had been congratulated herself,  
was humiliating. But she could not evade  
and patch up such an affair gracefully.

"Yes, Father has consented against his  
better judgment. Lucy is a mere child, and  
though I have done my best, I am sure, I  
have not been able to make anything out of  
her."

"I dare say. If ever any one was marked  
in soul and body, it is that girl! She is  
meaner than a snake!"

Miss Kip spoke with some authority. Ra-  
chel had been so used to hearing her stop-  
mother condemn, and she thought justly,



AN ARABIAN SUKUT AND HIS FAMILY.

The Kirghis are a people who wander over  
the vast plains of Central Asia. The group  
in the engraving given above are the family  
of Sultan Bek, the chief man and most  
wealthy person among the Kirghis. He owns  
ten thousand horses, with camels, oxen, and  
sheep in proportion.

An engagement of these people consists  
of a number of tents, or, as they call them,  
yurts. Some of these tents are very large,

the interior of some of them being forty  
feet in diameter. In the centre of the tent,  
on the ground, a fire is kindled; beside it,  
on the floor, pieces of felt cloth are spread,  
on which are placed boxes containing the  
riches of a Kirghis's dwelling—various arti-  
cles of clothing, pieces of Chinese silk, tea,  
dried fruits, and small squares of silver. On  
the top of the boxes are laid Bokharian and  
Persian carpets, often of great beauty.

Every Kirghis sultan has his priest, who  
is usually the only man in the tribe who can  
read or write. The priest calls his charges  
to the people, as a sheep for each camp of  
paper with a few characters written upon it.  
The people have full faith in the effi-  
cacy of these charms, being educated from  
their youth up to have faith in them,  
and to believe that it is wicked even to  
question their efficacy.

that there was no feeling of honor about it.  
"But when did it happen?" asked the  
eager questioner.

"He spoke on Christmas day. I must say  
that it would have looked more manly and  
honorable not to have used me as a cloak."

"And you didn't suspect all that time?"  
"How should I? We have never con-  
sidered Lucy as at all grown or mature.  
But she is very forward."

This was uttered in a sharp, spiteful  
manner.

"The man must be crazy, my dear Ra-  
chel. He will live to rue this day's work!"

Rachel hoped in her heart that he would.  
It was something deeper than the passing  
disappointment with her. She was not dis-  
criminating or analytical, but she had a  
clear brain and a good deal of common  
sense. She seemed to understand Mr.  
Thorndike from the very first, and knew  
better than himself what manner of wife  
he needed. Just now to be very much in-  
fluenced by Lucy's pretty face, but she  
could remember a time when her stepmother  
had grown thin and wan and plain. When  
that day came Lucy's reign would be at an  
end over such a man as Mr. Thorndike.

That day never came, but in its stead  
something that Rachel little dreamed of  
now.

"It is a foolish piece of work, but he is  
obstinate, and she of course ready to marry  
the first man who asks her."

Rachel spoke with severity, as if she had  
refused scores of lovers.

"How can you be so foolish, my dear  
Rachel!" and Miss Kip sighed over the time  
when she, too, had been set aside for a  
pretty face.

"And with twenty years difference in  
their ages!" flung out Rachel. "However,  
I've washed my hands of the matter. I told  
Lucy so. I've tried my best to do my duty  
by her, and now she must work out her own  
salvation."

"I expected better things of Warren  
Thorndike! It's enough to make his poor  
old mother rise in her grave. Ah, she was  
such a housekeeper, my dear! I've said  
many a time that you were enough like her  
to be her own child. It doesn't seem to me  
as if it could be true. When are they to be  
married?"

"I don't know," Rachel said simply.

"It's my opinion that he will come to his  
senses some time, and so I should be in  
favor of a long engagement. It would be  
beneficial for them both to be dissatisfied  
afterward, and it doesn't seem to me that  
Lucy can appreciate a man like Mr. Thorndike."

"That is just it," returned Rachel warmly.  
"All she will care for will be dress and  
company, but he's been warned. It's his  
own fault."

And so they grumbled and predicted a dis-  
mal future for the girl who was coming out  
with shining hair and singing a bit of a for-  
bidden love song in the room above. Per-  
haps both women secretly hoped that Mr.  
Thorndike's safety would be brought about  
by some interposition of fate powerful  
enough to separate him from Lucy Garth.

I cannot say that Rachel had been disap-  
pointed in her love, for the feeling had gone  
so deeper than a strong satisfaction with  
her; then she was not the kind of a woman  
to love entirely. Yet her practical good

sense led her to see that Lucy and Warren  
Thorndike were not suited to each other.  
Could he understand Lucy's vague and  
dreamy mood, her romantic tendencies, her  
strange sympathy for things and subjects  
that would interest no other person? And  
when Lucy neglected his house, left the  
meals to servants, fell into untidy habits, as  
she surely would when this constant super-  
vision was removed, then would come his  
time of trial; and Rachel absolutely pitied  
this man of her vision, like a mother yearn-  
ing over a son.

The courtship was not a very satisfactory  
proceeding. Lucy proposed to kindle a fire  
in the best room, but this Rachel forbade  
except on Sundays. So the poor child had  
recourse to stolen walks again and brief,  
whispered sentences when no sharp ears  
were listening. Mr. Garth discussed busi-  
ness with Mr. Thorndike until Lucy felt as  
if she could fly to the ends of the earth.

He came one day in a small wagon that  
he used for all ordinary purposes, and an-  
nounced that he wished to take Lucy to  
visit the Cunningham place, as he was ne-  
gotiating for it.

Lucy dropped her sewing in radiant sur-  
prise.

"Of course she would go!"

Rachel gave a sharp glance at the wagon  
and then at her sister. It was evident  
there was no room for a third, and yet she  
was not quite settled upon the point of prop-  
riety. And while she was debating Lucy  
had vanished.

"You don't mean to buy the place for—"

and Rachel paused, not able to put the enor-  
mity into words.

"For myself and Lucy? Yes, if she likes  
it!"

Rachel gave a gasp of surprise. He took  
a rather malicious enjoyment in it.

"For you two! It is an extravagant be-  
gging. What does Lucy know about the  
management of such a place?"

"She can learn."

Rachel sniffed in disdainful silence. Then  
Lucy returned flushed and happy, in spite  
of the dull, Bay state shawl and faded  
brown veil.

He wrapped her so snugly in the blanket,  
and drew the wolf-robe over her lap, asking  
her if she were comfortable. It was so de-  
lightful to have him glance at her with that  
sweet anxiety, and for the first time she  
felt as if her lover was really her own.

"It's good to have you here alone," he  
exclaimed, falling into her train of thought,  
at which both laughed, and she shyly con-  
fessed her satisfaction.

"I saw Cunningham yesterday. The  
family have all gone to town, and he's  
anxious to get the place off his hands. It's  
proved rather a heavy speculation for him.  
He wants to sell part of the furniture."

"Do you really think of buying it for—"

and Lucy blushed with her ardent eyes upon  
her.

"For the man in the moon!" and Thorndike  
laughed.

"I don't deserve so much good fortune,"  
Lucy said with a sudden touch of humility.

"Oh, you don't! Well, shall we turn  
back?"

"No, no," and her face was more radiant  
than before.

"I shall be quite lost in such a grand  
place," she went on slowly, with a linger-

ing tenderness in her voice that was sweet  
to hear.

"I mean you to be as great a lady as the  
best of them, my darling," he said with a  
sort of rough pride.

She who had never been cared for or held  
in any esteem since the death of her poor  
fond mother, thought this promise a draught  
of golden wine indeed, and seemed touched in  
every pulse by the subtle flavor. So they  
talked, and laughed, and loved, or thought  
they did, which is the same while it lasts  
the world over. Then they stopped at the  
wife gates.

There was a spacious lawn with a drive  
around, and the house stood on a ridge of  
rising ground. In summer it was beautiful  
with the embowering shrubbery, and even  
now the clusters of evergreens kept it from  
looking dreary. An odd piece of architecture,  
with a great variety of windows,  
angles, verandahs, and set off with a tower  
at one corner, whose elevation was high  
above the gables of the roof.

The man left in charge answered the  
summons, and ushered them into the spec-  
ious hall that was covered with thick, soft  
carpet. A handsome drawing-room and li-  
brary on one side that could be shut off by  
ground glass doors, on the other a sitting-  
room, furnished much more elegantly than  
the parlors Lucy was in the habit of seeing;  
a large dining-room with its oaken and wal-  
nut floor, and appointments to correspond,  
and back of all two kitchens.

The chambers up above were quite in  
keeping. Lucy could only exclaim in a de-  
light and astonished manner. Her igno-  
rance and pleasure were alike charming, and  
her pleasant gratitude the most fascinating  
of all. And then she appeared so perfectly  
at home amid this luxury in spite of her  
shabby dress.

"Then you like it?"

"Oh, like doesn't seem any word for it!  
I am afraid that I am dreaming. Why it  
would be living in Paradise!"

"But suppose I didn't like it?" he asked  
with quick jealousy, for the narrow soul  
could hardly bear to share her regard with  
anything beyond his own person.

He had thrown himself into a cushioned  
arm-chair, and looked very handsome and  
lordly she thought, and somehow she felt  
extremely proud of him and tender towards  
him. She knelt beside him, laying her soft  
cheek on his knee.

"But you do like it," she said in her win-  
some voice, "and if you did not I should  
still have you. It seems to me that any  
place would be delightful if you were only  
there and cared for me as you do now."

He took her in his arms and kissed her  
times without number. Ah, if they could  
have lived there unknowing and unknown.  
If they could have believed always that this  
passion they held for one another was love  
in its height and fulness!

They rambled around gayly, she appeal-  
ing to him now and then in an ignorance so  
sweet that it was an exquisite pleasure to  
be her instructor. And yet he felt in some  
vague way that she made daring flights  
above him, and had glimpses of a higher  
world, and that there was something in her  
aspiring and passionate nature that he could  
not comprehend. But he could dress her  
handsomely and make her mistress of this  
stylish mansion.

He could not guess all that her final  
beauty was to cost him, and if she had seen  
she would have shrunk back in dismay and  
horror the old, hard life would have loomed  
before her.

At last they were ready to go. The visit  
had been a rare holiday to her, and she  
could hardly realize that at no distant day  
its beauty and luxury might be lost. She  
clung more closely to her lover, feeling that  
all this happiness must come through him  
alone. He was very tender of her, and the  
devotion touched her to the very soul.

Mr. Thorndike and Mr. Cunningham hap-  
ped for awhile about their business, while  
Mr. Garth used his best efforts to dissuade  
his son-in-law from so wild a step. Having  
a house to sell again at an advance of eight  
or ten thousand dollars was one thing, but to  
live under all this expense was quite an-  
other!

Each day Lucy's house grew more impos-  
sible to her. She had no guiding star  
to delay the wedding day, indeed, when she  
looked forward to the prospect of a long  
engagement her heart sank within her.

It was not to be, however. Mr. Thorndike  
bought the house, and his energetic  
manner soon brought matters around to his  
views. They would be married in May.

Rachel Garth declined the thing tempo-  
rarily. Lucy should have a year's in-  
struction at least in housekeeping; her wedding  
outfit was to be made, her household linen  
prepared; and so it was fully in talk of May.

"Let her learn housekeeping by expe-  
rience," laughed Mr. Thorndike. "As for  
a wedding outfit and all that, it can be  
bought in New York without half the  
bother. I have some sewing women who  
would be delighted to take it in hand."

Rachel retired from the field in high dis-  
dain. Not a word of advice or counsel would  
she give Lucy; and that the old school-  
mistress declared. She looked upon the new  
system that her sister recommended, and ap-  
peared quite capable of looking after her-  
self.

So the gossip at Dedham had enough to  
occupy their minds and tongues. The  
wildest stories were credited, and Lucy  
walked about with a haughty air as if she  
were already queen.

She went to New York for her bridal at-  
tire. Mr. Thorndike's cousin, a pretty and  
fashionable married woman of thirty, came  
for her, and married not a little at the  
Garth's frugal virtues. Lucy received a  
very moderate portion from her father,  
though it appeared large to her temper-  
ment; but Mr. Thorndike charged  
Mrs. Wilder to do all that was befitting, re-  
gardless of expense.

It was a new and peculiar experience for  
Lucy. She took it in a most superb man-  
ner. She had been born with a rare eye for  
beauty of the most perfect type, and one  
would hardly have supposed from her se-  
lections that it was her first experience in  
the world of fashion.

Of course Mr. Garth paid the bill. If he  
could have dressed his child in sackcloth and  
ashes and shut her in a convent, I am not  
sure but that it would have been a great  
gratification to him. But all of Dedham  
thought Lucy's lucky girl and congratulated  
him, so he bore it in grim silence.  
Rachel was comforted by her dear friends,  
though I cannot say that she envied Lucy  
any of her splendor, but she groaned in  
secret over the extravagance.

So Lucy Garth was married one bright  
May morning in the dull parlor where she  
had first flashed the eyes of light on her beauty  
upon Mr. Thorndike. As she said her vows  
over, she meant to keep them every one—

"Love, Honor, and Obedience." It looked so  
easy. She was leaving all the misery and  
coldness behind and going to light, warmth,  
and tenderness.

As for Warren Thorndike, he was still  
deeply infatuated. The opposition that he  
had met with, had been just been enough to  
love him on, the obstacles of a kind that he  
liked to demolish. He had carried every  
point and they were still good friends;  
indeed, Mr. Garth was secretly proud of  
him.

And yet it was a cold, and brutal. No ten-  
der and loving friends to wish the young  
wife joy and happiness for the years to  
come, no sweet and gracious prayers, no  
warm smiles nor fond tears.

"Suppose there should always be  
shadow on my life?" Lucy Thorndike  
thought, with a frightened gasp, and her  
soft cheek paled involuntarily.

Mr. Howe was giving Lucy some proxy but  
kindly meant advice in the parlor, when  
Warren Thorndike found himself quite alone  
with Rachel in the ordinary living room.  
Something of the man's disposition to  
triumph flashed over him, and turning his  
keen eyes full upon her, he said—

"You have not congratulated me yet?"

Rachel knew that he was studying her  
from head to foot, and comparing her with  
his bride. She was neither young nor pretty,  
and possessed no winsome, doubtful graces,  
but she was, or honestly believed herself an  
upright, truthful, conscientious woman, su-  
perior to her sister in all useful and neces-  
sary qualities.

"Why should I congratulate you?" she  
asked, coldly.

"Because it's the fashion," and he laughed  
a little. "Because I am going to be happy,  
also. You surely do not grudge me your  
sister?"

She was not complimented by this. Her  
lead eyes were still steady and cold, and







## 2274444

**Kill Your Fish.**  
We remember once while dining with the late Judge Freake, at the Ocean House, hearing him remark that he was not fond of fish, but that while Minister at the Netherlands he learned to like it, and thought that on his return home he should still enjoy it. He found, however, that his old distaste returned, and he ceased to eat fish. We were reminded of this, the other day, upon reading an article in "Our Dumb Animals" on the subject of the method of killing fish. It seems that it is the custom there to put every fish to death with a knife as soon as taken from the water, instead of allowing it to die a lingering and agonizing death as we do. It is claimed that this lessens the effect of the effect of sickness on the fish and affects the quality of its flesh. The flesh of the

Dutch fish being much firmer, and consequently better eating. This seems but reasonable, as no one would wish to eat an animal which had died a lingering death. Why will not our fishermen take the hint and put their fish out of misery as soon as caught? —*Portland Transcript.*

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**The Season and Its Causes.**

The human body is chiefly composed of blood, and shows as sensitive to every change in the condition of the atmosphere as the most delicate electro-meter, or the galvanometer in a barometer tube.

The stomach, the chile, the nerves, the lungs, and the excretory organs are especially liable to be affected by these variations, and the best defense against

If the stomach is weak or stunted, neither the blood nor the bile can be in a healthy state, and upon the fitness of these two important fluids for the offices assigned to them by nature, and the regularity of their flow, health in a great measure depends.

It is often in this season of the year, the digestion should be an object of peculiar care. If it is weak and languid, the whole physical structure will be enervated. If it is vigorous, the entire organization will be strong to resist the universal and depressing influence of a damp and vitiated atmosphere.

A pure and powerful tonic is therefore especially adapted as a safeguard against the Obeliskian taint, common to the seasons and MONTHS OF NOVEMBER AND DECEMBER, being the most dangerous and the most prevalent season for the Obeliskian taint, the source of it is a powerful refrigerant, the blood is cooled, the system is chilled, the stomach will throw up food and the arrangements, the liver and bowels require the

of native African origin. The island's rich vegetation, including medicinal and aromatic herbs, spices, gums and barks, has been used by the natives for centuries. The island's climate is hot and humid, with a high level of humidity and a high level of humidity.

It is a noteworthy fact that while the last Revolutionary pensioner has been stricken from the lists, no less than 997 widows of Revolutionary soldiers are still there. This does not necessarily indicate that women are longer-lived than men. The probability is that the old soldiers had little

trouble in securing second, third, or fourth wives, in view of the national provisions made for their widowhood, thus proving themselves to be regular "old soldiers." "None but the brave deserve their or four fair."

Dr. J. C. Williams' *Female Weakness Remedy*, 15c per bottle at one dollar. For lameness, cuts, boils, sores, sprains, &c., warrants better than any other remedy. It is used by all the great barons on Long Island. It cures. It will not cure ring bone nor curbs, if there is no lameness in connection with it. What is stated to cure it positively cures.

*No owner of horses will be without it, nor having one bottle. One does colic and other cures the legs of an over-bred or driven horse. For sale and*

It is amusing to notice the various forms which the Paris journals adopt when

they allude to the Emperor. The Journal  
Officiel describes him as H. M. the Emperor;  
Constitutionnel, His Majesty the Emperor;  
France, the Emperor; Pays, His Majesty;  
Siecle, Napoleon III.; Globe, Napoleon;

**Revel, the Executive; Hoppel, Omar; Mac-**  
**cellaine, Sardanapalus, Herod, and Meli-**  
**gabulus.**

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**A Universal Remedy.**—"Brown's Bron-  
chial Troches" for coughs, colds, and bronchitis ef-  
fectually now stands the first in public favor and con-  
fidence; this result has been acquired by a host of

**THE LATEST STYLE.**—Host—"Allow me to get you a partner." Languid Swell—"Thank you, but I—ar—don't dance." Host

"Then let me introduce you to Miss Twaddle; she's a great hand at conversation." Languid Swell—"You're very kind, but I—ar—'never' converse."

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## MARRIAGES.

On the 17th of Feb., by the Rev. John Chambers, JAMES W. KING to ANNIE M. CUTTEN, both of Wilmington, Del.

On the 17th of Feb., by the Rev. M. D. Korte, Mr. ELIAS OTT to Miss SUSANNA OTYVENS, both of

Montgomery county, Pa.  
On the 6th of Feb., by the Rev. Wm. B. Wood,  
Mr. GEORGE H. DEMAREST to Miss SARAH JANE  
SMITHSON, both of this city.  
On the 17th of Feb., by the Rev. J. S. Kennard,  
Mr. JOHN DEVIA, of Burlington Co., N. J., to  
Miss MARY E. LUNN, daughter of John Lunn,  
Esq., of this city.  
On the 26th of Dec., by the Rev. J. H. Peters,  
WILLIAM H. VINING to Miss CLARA S. CALDWELL,

On the 19th of Jan., by the Rev. Wm. O. Johnston, Mr. WILLIAM H. HARRIS to Miss MARY C. LAYNE.

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**DEATHS.**

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Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by

On the 2nd of Feb., JOSEPH A. RUFEN, aged 49 years.  
On the 2nd of Feb., GEORGE SCHNEIDER, in his 4th year.  
On the 21st of Feb., RICHARD ARMSTRONG, in his 1st year.  
On the 26th of Feb., ALBERT H. STEPHENS, in his 1st year.

On the 9th of Feb., WILLIAM LEWIS, in his 66th  
year.  
On the 11th of Feb., WHARTON E. HARNES, in his  
4th year.  
On the 19th of Feb., MRS. ENELINE SUTTON, aged  
years.  
On the 19th of Feb., SOLOMON BOWERS, in his 70th  
year.  
On the 19th of Feb., WILLIAM S. LUTHERTON, in his

year.



## PROSPECTUS.

We announce the following Novels as already engaged for publication:—

## Under a Star.

By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, Author of "Cut Adrift," "The Debutante," etc., etc.

## Lionel's Mystery.

By FRANK LEE BENEDICT, Author of "Don Castelli," etc.

## Benny Kane.

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, Author of "East Lynne," "George Costello's Will," etc.

## A Novelist.

By Mrs. MARGARET HOSMER, Author of "The Mystery of the Red," etc.

## Who Told!

By ELIZABETH FRESCOTT, Author of "Between Two," "A Family Felling," etc.

Besides our Novels by Miss Douglas, Mrs. Wood, Frank Lee Benedict, Mrs. Hosmer, Miss Prescott, etc., we also give in stories, sketches, etc.,

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## WHO KEEPS DEAD FLOWERS?

Who keeps dead flowers? Not I, indeed, not I! The world is wild with blossoms, and the drops rose, and the regal moon-lamp night brings sculptured lilies, carved of perfect light!

Who keeps dead flowers? Thenceforth away with these, The shy ghosts of sad acemones! With dimpled, blushing buds rell the vase, Dipped in the laughing wine of summer days!

Who keeps dead flowers? What if a loving friend Did last spring give thee these, and now an end Has come to all his love? Life's full to-day Of friends—fresh friends, fresh flowers—fling these away!

Who keeps dead flowers? Alas! one summer day Teaches how many, many turn away From life's fresh-blooming and bewildering bowers, To sigh in secret, and to keep dead flowers.

Who keeps dead flowers? An angel came one night, And passed by all the happy, left the bright And laughing ones, and took—oh! it was it most!

Only dead flowers—and laid them at God's feet.

## The Bible:

Illustrated by Oriental Images.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

## LOCUSTS.

This is a word so often found in the Scriptures, both of the Old and New Testaments, and under circumstances so varied, as to excite the remark of every attentive reader. Sometimes this little insect is referred to as the destroyer of every edible thing in its path, as in Joel ii, 2, "The land is as the garden of Eden before them, and behind them a desolate wilderness." And again it is spoken of, as giving food to the hungry, as in the case of St. John, (Mark i, 6,) or as an authorized article of food to a numerous people, as in Leviticus xi, 22, where, by the Mosaic law, the locusts were permitted to eat of certain species of locusts, in common with other insects that, having hind feet longer than the others, "skip, and do not creep upon the earth." Attaching so little importance to the existence of an insect, deemed by us too insignificant to be dreaded as a foe, and utterly loathsome as an article of food, it is difficult for us to conceive of the degree of interest awakened by the locust in the East, either in the one aspect or the other.

This insect is not the beautiful, greenish-golden colored one known among us as the locust; but a voracious insect, belonging to the grasshopper, or *gryllus*, and strikingly resembling the common grasshopper in general form and structure, but differs from it in size, color, and power of inflicting injury. In the Eastern locust, the upper part of the body, the upper wings, the head and horns are brown, the lower wings nearly transparent, slightly tinged with green and brown, and the under part of the body purple. It is from four to six inches in length, of the thickness of a man's thumb, its head shaped like that of a horse, the mouth large, and furnished with four incisive teeth, which cross each other like scissors. It has two horns or feelers, about an inch long, and two pairs of wings, and the back is protected by a shield of a greenish color. The noise made by a swarm of them in eating is described by the prophet Joel, chap. ii, 5, to "the noise of a flame of fire, that devoureth the stubble," and by modern travelers to "the rattling of hailstones."

They are the most terrible and destructive of all the insects with which we are acquainted; and the immense numbers in which they collect, when undertaking a predatory excursion, renders it impossible to stop their ravages. The hordes are often a mile in length, scaling the light of the sun as they pass over the earth, and forming a thickness of several inches wherever they settle down. Nothing can impede their progress—they all stretch, ex. inguish fire, climb walls, and march steadily on, devouring, with astonishing rapidity, every green thing—grasses, leaves, grain, and even the bark of trees, and scattering desolation and death over the fairest regions of the earth, carrying in their train not only famine but pestilence, still animal and vegetable life are well nigh extinct, and the grim monster, glutted with his prey, stalks undisputed monarch over the ruin he has wrought, without a rival or opponent.

They are found in the greatest numbers in the countries on the southern and eastern shores of the Mediterranean; but they cross seas, and migrate from country to country, seeming to follow the motions of a leader, and moving through the air in solid columns, like a succession of dark clouds; they climb every tree and wall, and penetrate even to houses and bed-chambers. But when entering a country, the foremost swarms always fasten upon the fields of grain, which they literally cover, devouring a hundred acres an hour, and when they depart, leave but the naked stems, while the whole ground looks as if burnt with fire.

A visitation of these devouring insects was the eighth plague sent by God upon the haughty Pharaoh, for his contumacy, as recorded in Ex. x, 4-15. "For they covered the face of the whole land, so that the earth was darkened; and they did eat every herb of the land, and all the fruit of the trees that the hail had left; and there remained not any green thing in the trees, or in the herbs of the field, through all the land of Egypt."

A similar calamity was visited upon the Africans about one hundred and twenty-three years before the coming of our Saviour. There, not only the grain, and grass, and leaves of the trees were utterly destroyed, but the bark was penetrated by the locusts' teeth, and even the dried timber consumed. When this terrible destruction had been accomplished, a strong wind suddenly dispersed the swarms, and ultimately swept them into the sea, and destroyed them by myriads. But the raging billows threw upon the burning sands, all along the extended line of coast, heaps of the putrid bodies of the locusts, the intolerable stench of which produced a pestilence—fatal alike to man and beast. It is recorded that birds, sheep, cattle, and even

wild beasts perished in great numbers, and the putrefaction of these dead carcasses adding to the pestilence effluvia of the atmosphere, the destruction of the human species was fearful beyond precedent. In Numidia, it is said, eighty thousand were carried off by the pestilence; and in Carthage and Utica not less than two hundred thousand!

The Roman Flavian referring to their ravages, says—"Their advent was regarded as a manifestation of the wrath of the gods—their very touch destroying many of the fruits of the earth, but their bite utterly consuming all its produce, and even the houses." Regrettably as may appear this last statement, it seems to be corroborated by the statements of Mr. Adamson, an English traveler in Africa, who says—"A swarm of locusts at Senegal, devoured even the dry reeds with which the huts were thatched."

In 1640, a swarm of locusts from off the coast of Barbary, destroyed all the produce of the islands of Teneriffe, remaining there for four months, and so harassing the inhabitants, that those who did not die of famine, had well nigh perished of vexation. Col. Needham, then resident on the island, says of these tormenting visitants—"When we ate even, these creatures gave us no respite; for when we cut a bit of meat, we cut a locust with it; and when a man opened his mouth to put in a morsel, he was sure to chew one of them. Then the air was so full of them, that I could not eat in my chamber without a candle." See Joel ii, 2, 10, of "the darkness, gloominess, and thick clouds."

Niebuhr describes a swarm of these destroyers as visiting Cairo in 1762, and others at different points on the Red Sea and Persian Gulf. He records a description of the locust, given him by an Arab of the Desert, near Buncab, which strikingly accords with the account given of the locust in Rev. ix, 7-11. This passage not occurring to the mind of Niebuhr at the time, he received the comparison of the Arab as a jest, and thought no more of it till it was repeated to him by another Bedouin from Bagdad. They "compared the head of the locust to that of the horse, its breast to that of the lion, its feet to those of the camel, its body to that of the serpent, its tail to that of the scorpion, its horns to the hair of a virgin," etc. See Rev. ix, 7-11.

These various extracts serve to show the appropriateness of various Scripture references to swarms of locusts, their strength, numbers, migrations, and terrible destructiveness, as well as their visitations being so often threatened by Jehovah, as a judgment on the sins of a people or country. See Ex. x, 4-15; Deut. xxviii, 38, 42; Joel i, 4; 2nd Chron. vii, 33; 3rd Chron. vii, 33; Jer. xvi, 23; Nahum iii, 15; and above all, the passages in Joel ii, 2-10, and Rev. ix, 3-11, which contain the most remarkable descriptions of these terrible insects, their appearance, motions, noise, and the fearful effects of their coming. Many commentators suppose that there is also in these passages, a typical allusion to the invasion and devastation of Jerusalem by the Chaldeans. In Pa. cix, 23, reference is made to their leaping; in Prov. xxx, 27, to their movement in hordes; and in 1st Kings viii, 37, the infliction of locusts is one of the judgments that Solomon anticipates as the fruit of Israel's misdeeds, and from which he prays that they may be delivered when they repent and turn to the Lord in His holy temple. The prophet Nahum, (chap. iii, 17,) says of the locusts, they "camp in the hedges in the cold day, but when the sun ariseth they flee away; and many travelers have remarked the torpid effects of cold upon these insects, and the invigorating power of heat and dryness, both of which are favorable to the increase of the locust both in numbers and vigor.

As regards the locust for food, the passage in Lev. xi, 22, has already been quoted as proof that their use was authorized by the Mosaic law, and Flavius states that in his day, throughout Ethiopia and Parthia they were generally eaten, and regarded by the people as wholesome and agreeable food. Modern travelers in many parts of the East find them still regularly used for this purpose. The Arabs catch great quantities of them, remove the legs and wings, and cook them in various ways—boiled, roasted, and dried in the sun or an oven—esteeming them not only nutritious, but a great luxury. In Morocco and Algeria also they are served up on the best tables during the time of swarming, and at other seasons they are eaten dry with salt for a lunch. In all the cities of Arabia they may be bought at market the year round, threaded on strings, dried and salted; and the Bedouins frequently keep sacks of them hung up in their tents, and when hungry, eat a handful with salt, without the formality of preparing a regular meal. So in Persia, Palestine, and most of the neighboring countries, both now and in former times, the locust is a common article of food, and well esteemed by the natives, who think just as much of it as Europeans do of the locust, and as much of it as the locust is to the natives, as we do of them for eating locusts; and on the principle of early habits, the one is as readily accounted for as the other. Thus, according to oriental tastes and habits, there was nothing unusual or inappropriate in St. John's food being, as we are told by Matthew and Mark, "locusts and wild honey." Nor is it by any means necessary to strain the passage, as some have done, into meaning the pods of the *Cercor* or locust tree—an article seldom used, except by the extremely poor of Syria and Egypt, and as food for camels, and which contains very little nourishment; while the locust insect is in that region in almost universal request, and esteemed both nutritious and palatable.

F. R. F.

¶ A certain professor of a college in Northern New England, famous for his readiness at repartee, was staying last autumn over night with a shrewd old farmer of a caving turn of mind, when the conversation turned upon the locusts, which had done much damage. The old man dryly declared that his ancestor prayed on the previous Sunday that the Lord would send rain. "And," said he, "he was altogether too earnest, and so overdid the business that the whole country is flooded, and great damage has been done." "Why, then," instantly replied the professor, "don't you do your own praying, and have things ordered to your own satisfaction?"

¶ Try to frequent the company of your better; in books and life, that is the most wholesome society. Learn to admire rightly; the great pleasure of life is that. Note what the great men have achieved; they add great things; narrow spirits admire beauty, and wrongly mainly.

## FINDING WINGS.

BY WM. A. CROFFUT.

She sits and sings by the open door,  
For the balmy Spring is almost to-day;  
The crocus lifts up its golden cup,  
And drinks to the life of the blooming May.

She sees the earliest Summer near  
In the pink and white of the grassy slope,  
And her young face pales with a phantom fear;  
But her heart is happy with love and hope,  
And she wishes the peace would come once more,  
And build a nest by the open door.

Now July quickens in all the air,  
Unfolding its beauty. What joy is here!  
For her light foot touches the cradle there,  
Whenever her dancing darling stirs.  
As she steals to the shadowy porch to catch  
The breath of roses that climb the eaves,  
A bird darts out from the startled thicket;  
She parts the lattice, and lifts the leaves,  
And lo! one little warm egg—no more—  
In a nest of twigs by the open door!

The rose has dropped in the rueful rain,  
And Autumn is blue on the bending hill:  
Her young heart breaks with a nameless pain.

For the cradle is hushed, and the house is still.  
"The phebe has been—but mine is gone!"  
And she seeks the porch with a tearful eye;

But the young bird, too, is fledged and flown,  
And it flutters and sings in the tranquil sky!

Ah! mother! how birds and baby soar  
From the soft little nests by the open door!  
—The Galaxy.

## Gambling in San Francisco.

BY E. BAILEY CHANCEY.

In 1849, the principal banking institutions of the United States in San Francisco were the "Bells Union," "Verandah," "Nim de Oro," and "Parlor House," all situated about the "Piazza," and each employed a band of music to lessen the tedious hours of the rainy winter, and to drown the noise of dingling gold and silver, and the cursing ejaculations of the gamblers. Many a sad scene has taken place within these saloons that chilled the blood of the beholder, and is remembered with horror. I was once cautiously sneaking through one of these places. My attention was attracted towards a person who had large piles of gold before him. The staring eyeballs, the swollen veins upon his forehead, the cold sweat upon his face, and clenched hands, told of heavy losses. Mingled exclamations of horror and contempt would escape him, and he seemed unconscious of all that was going on around him. His gaze was bent upon the cards as if his life's blood was the stake at issue. In this case his last dollar was placed within the dealer's bank; then with the frenzy of a maniac, he drew a long dirk-knife and plunged it up to the hilt into his own body, and sank a corpse upon the table. A few rude jests followed this act; the body was removed, and the game went on as though nothing had happened—as though another victim had not been added to the gambler's damning record, or another soul had not gone to its final account. I learned this much of his history:

He started with a large stock of goods, given him by his father to sell on commission, and the father's fortune depended upon a safe return of the money so invested; but, as usual with young men, he indulged in the full liberty of unbridled license, and while the ship stopped at one of the South American ports, he engendered the first seeds of "play." But, for awhile after his arrival, the excitement of trade, and the necessity to accomplish a successful issue, kept his mind busy. One day, by appointment, he was to meet a merchant friend at this time, and while waiting for his friend's arrival, staked a few dollars upon the turn of cards, when the latent disease sprang into life, and it carried him headlong over the precipice, and ended in the tragic manner related.

The Nim de Oro was a gambling saloon on Washington street, opposite the El Dorado, and in 1849 was the principal resort of the disbanded soldiers of the California regiments, and also of the soldiers that had been engaged in the war with Mexico. Behind one of the largest monte banks in the room sat a man who had won for himself honorable mention, and an officer's commission was given him for his bravery at the storming of Monterey; but preferring the climate of California and its golden prospects to a more northern home, he embarked for that country at the close of the war with Mexico, and, upon arriving, he opened a gambling saloon. The emigrants came in by thousands, and, a few nights after his arrival, a young man entered the saloon and seated himself at the bank, and staked various sums upon the cards until he had lost nearly all the money he possessed. Excited by the play, and maddened by his losses, he accused the dealer of cheating; the dealer replied sharply to the accusation; the man passed, when the young man struck the dealer a severe blow upon the face. Quick as thought, the sharp report of a pistol followed, and the gambler's clothing was covered with the young man's blood—he had shot him through the right breast. The room was cleared of the spectators present, the door closed, and medical attendance called in to aid the wounded man.

The gambler sat moodily over his bank, running the small monte cards through his fingers, and perhaps thinking of the deed just perpetrated, when the wounded man gave a moan of agony as the doctor's probe reached the bottom of the wound.

The doctor inquired what state he was in, and the wounded man replied—

"I am Vermont."

The gambler raised his head, for it had been a long time since he had seen a person from the home of his childhood, and Vermont being the name of his native state, the mere mention of the name interested him. The doctor next inquired the name of the place where his parents resided, if he had any. The wounded man replied—

"Montpelier."

The gambler sprang to his feet, his limbs trembled, and his face was as pale as death, for Montpelier was the home of his youth, and perhaps the wounded man might have been his playmate in childhood—perhaps a schoolmate—know his parents, his brothers and sisters. He clung convulsively to the

table, and, with the contending emotions of rapid thought and the weight of injury inflicted, he could scarcely keep upon his feet.

A moment was given to the wounded man, and he was momentarily relieved from that weakness the body is so subject to after a severe wound, when the doctor inquired if there was any friend in the city he wished to send for.

"Yes," he replied, "my wife. She is at the City Hotel, on the corner of Clay and Kearney streets. Tell Mary to hasten, for I am badly hurt."

A man was sent to bring his wife.

"Doctor," said the gambler, "were that man's life, and there is my bank, and \$10,000 in baggage, and you shall have it all."

The doctor felt the pulse of the man, and probed the wound anew. The gambler watched him with the greatest anxiety until the inspection was finished; when the doctor shook his head in token of impossibility. The gambler sat by the side of the wounded man, bathed his head, and watched the flow of blood from his wound, until the arrival of his wife. She came, accompanied by a few friends, and as her own woman heard her misfortune, she bent her head in a word of reproach escaped her—words of cheerfulness only came from her lips, as tears poured down her cheeks. To her inquiry as to the chances of her husband's recovery, the doctor assured her there was no hope, that the wound was mortal, and that in a few hours the wounded man must die. She sank down upon her knees, and invoked the mercy of a forgiving God upon her dying husband and his murderer.

The gambler knelt at the side of the wounded man, and asked his forgiveness for the wrong he had committed, and that of his wife, which was readily granted.

"This," said he, "is for deceiving the sacred injunction of my aged father and mother. I have faced death a thousand times, and still I have escaped; the balls of an enemy have whistled past my ears as thick as hailstones, and the bullet-bomb has exploded at my feet. Still I have lived; O God, and for this! High above the tide of battle I have carried my country's ensign, and that won for me a name among men. When one comrade was left to die of the battle, I escaped unscathed. 'Why was I not killed with the rest?' All that was passed and pleasing to me I have had; and if I could recall this last act by living upon earth, sleeping in a peaceful grave







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